

Faust ID:: MultiCrack Office Rep

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Categories:

[F/F](#), [F/M](#)

Fandom:

[Limbus Company \(Video Game\)](#)

Relationship:

[Faust \(Project Moon\)/Reader](#)

Characters:

[Faust \(Project Moon\)](#), [Reader](#)

Additional Tags:

[dismantling](#), [Wire Play](#), [Surgery](#), [Amputation](#), [Robot Gore](#), [Near Death Experiences](#), [Electricity](#), [Death](#), [Non-Consensual Touching](#), [Urination](#), [Blood Loss](#), [Canon-Typical Violence](#), [Loss of Limbs](#), [Blood and Gore](#), [Major Character Injury](#), [Reader-Insert](#), [Gender-Neutral Reader-Insert](#), [Co-workers](#), [Broken Bones](#), [Shock](#)

Language:

[English](#)

Stats:

Published: 2026-04-26 Words: 4,769 Chapters: 1/1

Faust ID:: MultiCrack Office Rep

by [AllAborde \(Bordementions\)](#)

Summary

Your fellow fixer saves your life on the warp train, even when you're begging her to stop

Notes

Limbus fans love is not dead I swear I haven't completely abandoned this dumb ass game but I don't even really play it though either

But this one is out there for all you wire pullers and robo gore fags!

I too want a weirdo autistic smart geek to pull on my wires and zap me till I piss my pants send tweet

<https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz>

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

The neon blue hum of the WARP train's interior was flickering constantly, casting long, stuttering shadows across the gore-slicked floor of the carriage. It had been days—or perhaps years; time had no consistent place in this dimension for what you were aware of. The air was stuffed with the reek of blood and the heavy burning scent of overtaxed electronics.

"Faust notes that your breathing is becoming erratic," Faust said, her voice that same familiar monotone despite the chaos surrounding the both of you. She didn't look back; her arms were a blur of motion as she assessed one of her greatswords and used a secondary hand to wipe a spray of reddish black blood from her mask. "Efficiency is at thirty-four percent. It is suggested you adjust your output accordingly."

You gripped the handles of your harpoons, the weight of the rigs pulling at your shoulder sockets. "Hard to be efficient when the walls are trying to eat us, Faust," you spat, stepping over the twitching remains of a former W Corp. Agent.

The carriage ahead of you groaned, the metal screeching as the train's geometry shifted—a common, nauseating occurrence in this hellscape. You had lost the rest of the MultiCrack Office a couple thousand cars back during a localized collapse. Now it was just the two of you, a pair of crimson-coated mercenaries trying to figure out where the fuck you were.

"The shifting of the cars suggests a spatial anomaly caused by the external dimension," Faust explained, her tone suggesting she was lecturing a classroom rather than navigating a death trap. "We must reach the first class car. To remain in the economy carriages is to invite an eventual exhaustion of our remaining prosthetic supply."

Suddenly, the far end of the car erupted. A swarm of Bloodbags—passengers whose humanity had long since been flayed away into raw, pulsing muscle and bone—scrambled over each other. They moved with a jerky, unnatural speed, some of their limbs elongated into jagged hardblood spikes.

"Contact," Faust stated.

She moved quickly. Two arms swung the massive slab-like swords in wide, horizontal arcs, cleaving through the first wave of monsters with ease. Her back-mounted limbs provided counter-balance, occasionally punching out to crush a skull that got too close. You followed her

lead, lunging forward with the harpoons. You jammed a spear into the chest of a lunging creature, the mechanical winch hissing as you retracted the point, tearing through the bloodbag's sternum.

But you didn't have any significant amount of charge in your cache at the moment. The red glow on the head of your harpoons had dimmed to a dull, flickering ember. Without the kinetic surplus to trigger any kind of special actions, every kill was manual, grueling labor.

"Hm." Faust paused for a microsecond, a sharp clack echoing as she detached her lower-left arm. It had been crushed during the last skirmish, the metal mangled and sparking. With a fluid motion, she reached into a bag she was carrying, one you had scavenged from a fallen comrade—and snapped a replacement limb into the socket. The mechanics synched with a soft whine. "Faust suggests a tactical retreat would be favorable due to our current situation."

That's all the instruction you needed.

You both began to sprint toward the end of the car, the roar of the oncoming horde growing louder behind you. However, just as you had reached the heavy bulkhead door leading to the next car, you found it wasn't just locked—it was near goddamn fused shut. A mass of calcified blood and shredded upholstery had jammed the hydraulic teeth of the gate.

"The mechanism is compromised," Faust said, immediately stepping up to the control panel and prying it open with two of her hands while the other two held her swords at the ready. "The buildup of biological material has entered the primary gear assembly. Faust will require at least three minutes to bypass the manual override."

You turned around, planting your boots firmly on the slippery floor. The hallway was a sea of reaching hands and glowing red sensors. The Bloodbags were coming, and you had almost no time to prepare.

"Three minutes?" You hoisted your harpoons, feeling the ache in what organic parts remained. "Faust, there's dozens of them."

"Then Faust suggests you do not miss," she replied coolly, her fingers already dancing through a mess of sparking wires. "Stand your ground. If this door does not open, our contract—and our lives—will be terminated prematurely. I suppose I do not need to inform you that the result would be suboptimal."

You took a deep breath, the smell of the train filling your lungs, and

braced for the impact. "Yeah yeah yeah, suboptimal. Just get the door open!"

You stepped forward, the heavy soles of your boots crunching through bone fragments as you swung the first harpoon in a brutal, sweeping crescent. The massive steel head caught a lunging Bloodbag mid-air, the impact shattering its ribcage and sending the mess of gore-clogged muscle spiraling into the swarm.

"Faust regrets to inform you that the issue is worse than initially anticipated," Faust's voice cut through the wet sounds of the brawl, remarkably steady given the screech of metal behind her. "The primary pressure valve is obstructed. Faust is rerouting the auxiliary hydraulic fluid. Do not allow them to breach your perimeter."

A former W Corp Agent, now a twisted caricature of a human with hardblood blades sprouting from its wrists, lunged from the ceiling. You parried the crystalline strike with the shaft of your left harpoon, the friction sending a shower of sparks across your mask. With a snarl, you drove your right harpoon upward, the point catching the creature under its chin and erupting through the top of its skull.

You kicked the corpse away, but there was no time to breathe. Three more were on you instantly. You felt a jagged hardblood spike punch through the reinforced canvas of your vest, grazing your ribs. The sting of cold steel and the sudden warmth of your own blood trickling down your side hissed a warning to your brain.

"Watch your sides," Faust noted, her back-mounted arms working with frantic, blurred precision to rip out calcified chunks of viscera from the doorway. "If you expire now, the probability of Faust successfully opening this door drops to near zero. Please refrain from dying."

"Trying... my best... here!" you roared, slamming the butt of your harpoon into a Bloodbag's face.

The kinetic energy was finally starting to pool. You felt the familiar, low-frequency hum vibrating through the power cables in your back. The charge was finally building up again. One of your arms took a heavy blow from a hardblood weapon of some kind, the metal shearing and the limb hanging limp by a few frayed wires. You didn't hesitate; you hit the quick-release, the ruined arm clattering to the floor, and snapped your final replacement into the socket.

The hallway was a sea of reaching, pale limbs. You were trading blows now, no longer able to dodge every strike. A crystalline blade

slashed across your thigh; another blunt impact to your chest cracked a rib, forcing a wet cough from your lungs that sprayed red onto the inside of your mask.

"The door is unresponsive to electronic override," Faust called out, a hint of genuine frustration finally bleeding into her tone—a rare crack in the diamond. "The physical obstruction is absolute. Faust will require a high-velocity kinetic impact to jar the mechanism loose."

"I'm at... forty percent charge!" you yelled, ducking under a swing that would have decapitated you. You drove both harpoons into the floor, using the leverage to kick two of the monstrous creatures back into the fray. "I need more!"

"Then make haste," Faust commanded. She didn't look back, but her secondary arms suddenly drew one of her greatswords, thrusting it backward blindly to impale a Bloodbag that had tried to sneak past you. The blade came back slick and gleaming. "The swarm of enemies is intensifying. Faust is initiating a manual crank of the door's teeth. Every second you fail to provide the necessary force is a second closer to our collective cessation of existence."

You were surrounded. A W Corp agent tackled you, its teeth snapping at your throat. You jammed your forearm into its mouth, feeling the cold snap of your prosthetic housing, and used your other hand to bury a harpoon into its gut. You twisted the weapon, the friction of the rotating head finally pushing your charge counter into the red.

The energy hissed through the vents of your harpoons, the air around the blades beginning to ripple with unstable heat. You were bleeding from three different wounds now, the crimson staining your cream-colored tunic, but the hum of the machine was drowning out the pain.

"Faust!" you screamed, shoving the corpse off you. "Get clear!"

"Faust is ready," she replied, her four arms bracing against the frame of the door as she pulled with herculean strength, the metal groaning in protest. "Displace the obstruction, now!"

The world narrowed down to the high-pitched whine of the charge and the heavy thuds of a hundred pale feet on the deck. You ignored the Bloodbag clawing at your shoulder, the screech of metal on metal deafening as you focused every remaining joule of energy into your primary rig.

"NnmGAAHHH!!" you screamed, your voice cracking with the strain.

With a thunderous crack, you hurled the right-hand harpoon as hard as you possibly could. It wasn't a throw; as much as a kinetic eruption.

The heavy projectile streaked through the air, trailing a wake of red-hot ripples, slamming into the center of the fused door with the force of a star. The calcified blood shattered like glass, and the harpoon head buried itself deep into the core.

The door shrieked, the mechanism groaning as the obstruction was forcibly displaced.

"Target impact successful," Faust declared. Her four arms moved in perfect, terrifying synchronicity. Two braced against the left frame, two against the right. Her boots skidded on the blood-slicked floor, sparks flying from her prosthetic joints as she exerted enough force to crush steel. "The aperture is sufficient. Proceed to the door immediately!"

The door pulsed like a dying heart, the internal safety protocols fighting Faust's strength, trying to slam the heavy metal slabs shut again. Her artificial arms struggled beneath her coat, the red sensors on her mask flashing a frantic, warning strobe.

But you were pinned.

By throwing the harpoon, you had sacrificed one of your primary defenses. The swarm only growing closer with the opening. As you turned to sprint toward the sliver of light where Faust stood, a bloodbag—its jaw unhinged and dripping with red bile—slammed into your side.

"Get... off!" You swung your remaining harpoon blindly, but the weight was too much for your recently expended energy.

A hardblood mace swung by a massive, bloated passenger caught your left arm. The prosthetic broke instantly, the internal capacitors venting in a spray of blue sparks and smoke. You stumbled, the loss of balance leaving you wide open. Another Bloodbag, faster than you could recover, drove a crystalline spear into your back, shattering the secondary arm rig entirely.

You were down to two arms already.

"Faust cannot maintain this gap indefinitely!" she called out, her voice straining. "Move!"

You lunged toward her, but the world suddenly went white.

Another bloodbag, its body encased in a jagged armor of hardened blood, stepped through the crowd. It simply lunged forward. Its arm, morphed into a massive, serrated crystalline blade, drove straight into your chest.

The sound was sickening—a wet, crunching thud followed by the high-pitched scream of shearing metal. The blade bypassed your reinforced vest, burying itself deep into your torso.

"Ah—!" The air left your lungs in a spray of crimson.

You felt the "bloom." Inside your chest cavity, the hardblood weapon reacted to your body heat. The crystals expanded, jagged shards of red glass tearing through your remaining internal circuitry and stabbing into your lungs. You could feel the cold, sharp edges scraping against your spine, the internal hemorrhaging so violent it felt like you were being filled with molten lead.

You collapsed to your knees, the harpoon clattering away. The Bloodbags swarmed over you, their fingers digging into your wounds, their mindless faces inches from yours.

Faust's voice sounded distant now, echoing as if from the end of a long tunnel. Through the haze of pain and the spray of blood on your vision, you saw her. She was still holding the door, her four arms vibrating with the effort, her visible eye wide as it locked onto yours. Whatever she was trying to say you couldn't hear her.

She looked at the swarm burying you, then at the door that was slowly winning the tug-of-war against her strength.

"Faust..." you choked out, a thick rope of blood trailing from your lips.
"F-Faust..."

The door shrieked as Faust's grip vanished, the metal teeth etching closer to being shut with the hunger of a guillotine. But Faust did not flee.

"Unfortunate," she hissed, her voice vibrating with a cold, sharp fury.
"Faust does not permit the loss of this asset."

She didn't just move; she became a blur of crimson steel. Abandoning the doorway, she leaped into the center of the fray. Her two greatswords caught the flickering light of the dying carriage as she

plunged them deep into the gore-soaked floor plating.

"Charge. Countercurrent."

The impact didn't just shake the train; it felt like the dimension itself cracked. Violent, pulsing veins of red energy tore through the metal floor, erupting in focused vertical shafts of raw power. The geysers shredded the Bloodbags instantly, turning their mutated flesh into a fine, misty rain of red. The energy arced with impossible precision, dancing mere millimeters from your skin, incinerating the monsters pinning you down while leaving your mangled body untouched by the heat.

Before the dust of the explosion could settle, Faust was over you. Her two front arms reached down, gripping the straps of your vest with a strength that didn't care about the agony it caused your ruined chest.

"Maintain consciousness," she commanded, her face inches from yours. Her mask was splattered with blood, but her blue eyes remained terrifyingly focused. "The probability of survival is currently falling towards 0.04%. Faust finds those odds frankly insulting."

She began to drag you, her boots skidding through the thick slurry of viscera. Her back-mounted arms acted as autonomous turrets, swinging the greatswords in blurring circles to keep the remaining swarm at bay. Behind you, the door was nearly shut—a sliver of darkness that mocked your escape.

Reaching the bulkhead, she slammed you against the metal. You gasped, a fresh spray of blood painting the white of her jacket. The hardblood crystals in your chest ground against your ribs, a white-hot agony that threatened to plunge you into blackness.

"Faust... the door..." you wheezed.

"Faust is aware." she snapped. She dropped her swords, the heavy slabs clattering to the floor. She wedged her hands into the closing seam of the door, her back arms bracing against the frame.

The sound of the motor screaming against her resistance was deafening. The door was a trap, a massive hydraulic jaw trying to crush her. Her prosthetic joints groaned, blue sparks showering her hair as the metal began to deform under the pressure. With a guttural sound of exertion she wrenched the gap wide enough for a human body.

She didn't guide you; she hauled you. Letting go for a moment she using another arm, she snagged your collar and threw you through the opening like a ragdoll. You tumbled into the next car, landing in a heap of broken limbs.

Faust moved to follow, twisting her body to slide through the narrow, shuddering gap. But the swarm had reached the door. A cluster of pale, wet hands reached through the dark, grabbing one of her prosthetic arms, pulling her back into the abyss of the economy car.

The door lurched, the safety override failing completely. It slammed with a force meant to seal a vacuum.

"Tch." Faust didn't scream. She didn't even flinch. As the heavy metal doors crushed her arm, she used the momentum to wrench her body forward into the new carriage.

CRUNCH.

The prosthetic arm snapped like a dry twig. Wires frayed and erupted in a violent discharge of electricity as the door sealed shut, severing the limb entirely. Faust fell onto the floor beside you, the stump of her shoulder sparking and dripping synthetic oil.

She sat up slowly, staring at the sealed door where her arm remained on the other side. She adjusted her mask with a trembling, remaining hand.

"A regrettable loss of equipment," she whispered, her voice finally cracking with exhaustion. "However... for now the both of us persist."

The air here was cooler, smelling not as much of the overwhelming heat outside but the floor was quickly being stained by the dark, viscous pool spreading from beneath you.

Faust didn't waste a single heartbeat. She hustled over over, ignoring the sparking, jagged mess of wires where her arm had been, and knelt over you. Her eyes scanned your form with a terrifying, clinical speed.

"Internal hemorrhaging is accelerating," she muttered, more to herself than to you. "The hardblood lattice is leaching into your primary circulatory system. If the central processor or the organic heart fails within the next ninety seconds, resuscitation will be virtually impossible."

With a brutal tug, she shredded your coat and the tunic beneath,

exposing the carnage. It was a nightmarish mix of flesh and metal. The hardblood crystal had blossomed like a jagged, red rose from your sternum, its crystalline thorns having punched through your lungs and entwined with the delicate copper filaments of your internal power grid. You could feel your own life-force—both blood and electricity—leaking out into the cold floor.

"Faust requires a stable power shunt," she stated. She dragged you toward one of the towering server racks, your limp, ruined mechanical limbs clattering uselessly against the metal. With a sudden, violent strike of her fist, she shattered the reinforced panel of a high-voltage server, tearing the casing away to reveal a glowing nest of wires.

She began to move with the frantic precision of a mad clockmaker. She didn't have tools, so she used her fingers to strip wires and jam them directly into your prosthetic interface ports.

"The hardblood mass must be removed to perform any type of repairs," she whispered. Her hands reaching out and gripping the protruding jagged edge of the hardblood crystal embedded in your chest.

As soon as she put pressure on it, your world exploded into a blinding white sheet of agony. It wasn't just physical pain; it was the sensation of your very soul being scraped out. On pure, panicked instinct, your remaining good arm surged up, your fingers locking around her wrist in a crushing grip to make her stop.

"Don't—!" you choked out, a spray of blood hitting her mask.

Faust didn't flinch. She leaned her weight into you, shoving your shoulders against the server rack and pinning you down. "Do not interfere with Faust's attempts to save your life," she hissed, her voice dropping into a low, dangerous register. "Your sensory dampeners are offline. The pain is a logical byproduct of your survival. You will endure it, or you will cease to be."

To your horror, she reached down and hit the emergency manual release on your one functioning arm. With a pneumatic hiss and click, the limb came free. You let out a strangled cry, watching through a haze of tears as she casually took your only means to defend yourself—only to realize she was snapping it into her own empty socket.

"Faust requires full dexterity to perform this extraction," she explained, the new arm whirring as it synced to her body. "Your sacrifice is noted. Now, stay still."

She reached back into the gaping wound in your chest. This time, there was no hesitation. She plunged her hand deep into the gore, her fingers hooking around the base of the hardblood cluster.

"Brace yourself," she commanded.

With a sharp, sickening crunch of bone and the screech of tearing metal, she attempted to wrench the crystal mass upward. The shards dragged against your internal organs, shredding whatever it touched as the parasitic growth was forcibly evicted from your body.

You felt your heart skip, the servers behind you groaning as she channeled their raw power into your failing internals to jumpstart your systems.

"Extracting... now."

She pulled the blood-red crystal free, casting the pulsing, gore-covered shard across the room. You slumped forward, your vision flickering like a dying bulb, as she immediately began stuffing the cavity with a conductive mesh she pulled out of the server to stem the flow.

"Breathe deeper," she ordered, her voice distant. "That was the easy part. Faust has yet to replace what you have lost."

"Faust is now accessing the primary thoracic cavity," she said, her voice a terrifyingly calm anchor in the sea of white-hot lightning that was your nervous system.

She slammed her palm against your forehead, her fingers digging into your skull to pin your head back against the server rack. The pressure was immense, forcing you to stare up at the flickering blue emergency lights. With her other three arms—including the one she had just stolen from you—she dove into the open ruin of your chest.

The sensation was beyond description. It was a violation of the very concept of a body. You felt the cold, metallic slide of her fingers as they brushed against your organs, followed by the agonizing snap of her fingers acting like a pair of needle-nose pliers, pulling away the blackened, short-circuited filaments of your power grid.

"The internal battery casing has been breached by the hardblood expansion," she noted, her tone conversational as she reached deep into your side. "Faust must remove the shrapnel before the caustic fluids dissolve your remaining organs."

You couldn't help it. A ragged, wet wail tore from your throat as you felt her hand close around a jagged piece of hardblood buried near your spine. She wrenched it out with a sickening squelch. You tried to thrash, your one remaining, shattered arm clawing weakly at the air, but she didn't even flinch. She simply pressed her hand harder against your face, her thumb digging into your jaw until you were scared to continue.

"Be still," she commanded. "I am rerouting the server's auxiliary cooling lines to replace your ruptured arterial vein. The temperature difference will be more than noticeable."

Then came the fire. You felt a searing, icy heat as she jammed a thick, plastic-coated server cable into your circulatory system. She was stitching you together with the guts of the train, weaving copper and fiber-optics into your meat. You felt every stitch, every tug of the wire as she pulled it through your muscle.

"Three... four... five ruptures sealed," she whispered. Her three hands were a blur of motion inside you. One was holding your heart steady, feeling its frantic, fluttering pulse; another was soldering a broken power rail with a live wire that showered your internal organs in sparks; the third was literally scooping out handfuls of congealed blood and tiny crystal pieces.

The pain reached a crescendo where it ceased to be a feeling and became a sound—a high-pitched ringing that drowned out everything. You felt her fingers brush against a nerve cluster, and your entire body arched, a violent convulsion that sent a fresh spray of blood out.

"F-Faust—stop—please—" you choked out, your vision tunneling into a tiny pinprick of light.

"Faust cannot stop. To stop is to acknowledge your death as a certainty," she replied. She reached further back, her hand disappearing up to the wrist inside your torso. You felt her fingers scrape against the underside of your ribs as she forcibly realigned the shattered bone. "I am currently bypassing your damaged spinal interface. You will feel a sensation of 'falling.' Ignore it."

Suddenly, the world dropped away. Your lower body went cold and numb as she disconnected your neural link to your legs to prevent the pain from causing a total system shock. You watched, helpless and fading, as she pulled a long, smoking processor unit from the server wall and jammed it into the gap in your chest, connecting it to your

internal sensors with a series of brutal, sparking snaps.

"The integration is... seventy percent complete," she muttered, her breath hot against your ear. She was leaning in close now, her focus absolute. "Your organic components are rejecting the foreign parts. I am forcing a compatibility override. This will be the most significant sensory input yet."

She grabbed a handful of wires directly from the exposed wall and shoved them into your open chest, completing the circuit.

Your world turned into pure, unadulterated electricity.

Your back arched so hard the server rack behind you dented. Every nerve ending in your body fired at once—a million stabs of white lightning. You could smell your own flesh searing as the raw power of the train's grid surged through your new, makeshift heart.

Through the haze of agony, you saw Faust. She was looking down at you, her face covered in your blood, her red sensors glowing with a fierce, triumphant light. She didn't look like a savior; she looked cold, unmoved by what she was inflicting on you.

"Breathe," she commented, the command cutting through the static in your brain. "Breathe, or Faust will have wasted an arm for nothing."

You tried to listen but the surge was near absolute. It wasn't just a jumpstart; it was a hostile takeover of your entire nervous system by the WARP train's cold, industrial heart. The sheer volume of voltage shrieking through your circuitry caused your muscles to lock in a violent, titanic spasm. Your bladder gave way instantly, the warm release of urine soaking into your pants—a final, humiliating protest from an organic body pushed far beyond its limits.

Faust didn't recoil. She didn't even acknowledge the mess. She simply leaned her full weight against your chest, her limbs pinning you into the metal rack until the violent twitching subsided into a low, rhythmic hum of electricity.

"The discharge is stabilizing," she noted, her voice sounding as if it were coming from underwater. "The involuntary voiding of your bladder indicates a successful, albeit messy, reconnection of the lower autonomic pathways. Faust considers this a success."

She stayed there for a moment, her hands still buried deep within the steaming ruin of your torso. With clinical precision, she performed

one final sweep, her fingers dancing over the server-wire sutures and the glowing copper shunts. She tucked a stray, sparking filament behind a jagged rib and packed a final layer of conductive mesh over your exposed, pulsing heart.

Satisfied, she withdrew her hands. They were stained a dark, glossy crimson up to the elbows.

She stood up slowly, the gears in her newly attached arm whirring as she tested the range of motion. You remained slumped against the server wall, a puppet held up by the dozens of thick, black cables snaking from the machinery directly into your chest cavity. You were tethered to the train now—a literal extension of the hardware.

"You are currently drawing 1.2 kilowatts of standing power to maintain your internal stasis," Faust said, wiping a streak of blood from her eye with a clean patch of her sleeve. She looked down at you, her expression unreadable behind the mask, though there was a flicker of something—perhaps exhaustion, perhaps a grim sort of pride—in her gaze.

"We have reached a temporary equilibrium," she continued, her voice returning to its steely, condescending cadence. "The door is sealed, and the Bloodfiend presence seems to be currently focused on the further decks. You have precisely three hours to undergo a primary recovery cycle before we must resume our transit to the first class car."

She turned away, the stump of her lost arm occasionally spitting a weak spark, and began to scavenge the room for any remaining scrap or spare parts.

"Rest," she added, her back to you. "Faust has no intention of performing a second surgery if you allow your systems to crash through sheer lack of discipline."

End Notes

Please faust I'm already pregnant oughhhhh

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!